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at Fort Gibson. On Indian land there is not one open saloon to be found. The territorial police are very vigilant in ferreting out smugglers, and the United States Court at Fort Smith, Arkansas, before which such offenses are tried, is very prompt and stringent in punishing them. The best informed men there told me that there would not be much trouble with whisky there if its sale was not allowed on the United States Reservations. All agreed that the establishment of open saloons among the Indians would make the Territory utterly uninhabitable for whites, and hasten greatly the extinction of the Indians themselves. The first instinct of a drunken Indian is to shoot. The mark may be horse, cow, pig, man, or empty space—no matter what, just so that he may shoot.

W. H. JOHNSON.

V.

THE COAL STRIKE.

ONE of the phenomena of the present time is the unanimity with which a demand for the restriction of immigration comes from all parts of the country, and from all classes of people. The demand has been made in poetry and prose; by the pulpit and the press; by the laborer and the capitalist; by the rich and by the poor, and underlying it is a universal and earnest public sentiment.

This sentiment, while it has been of slow growth, has apparently suddenly found its voice. The reason is plain. Immigration has not only been unchecked but it has been unduly forced beyond its natural proportions. Not only have foreign governments shipped to our shores their paupers and criminals, but American employers have imported cargoes of human beings who were in no sense fit to become American citizens. We have an illustration of what follows such a procedure in the rioting among the strikers in the coal regions.

The coal barons have only to thank themselves for this injury to their business, and if they only were affected the general public would probably let them suffer without comment. But events have shown that these coal barons have done something far more widely reaching in effect than at first appears. They have introduced into this country hordes of ignorant, debased, and ferocious Poles and Hungarians. They were introduced, not because they were better workmen, but because they might be hired cheaper. In order that the millionaires of the Schuylkill Valley might save a few cents this gangrenous element was introduced into our national life.

The result is that these recent introductions have become worse than the evils they were intended to supplant. They have demanded more than their predecessors were satisfied with, and have broken out into rioting and violence. They have cast discredit upon organized labor, and the impunity which they have hitherto enjoyed is but an invitation and inducement to the ignorant and violent classes throughout the country to be disorderly.

The thoughtful American sees, therefore, the perils which are threatened by the immigration of a debased population—the coal strike is but one example from which he gains wisdom.

It may be said that it was the awful crime of the Chicago Anarchists which fanned the slumbering sentiment of the people into flame. It was the horror of that crime which roused the nation to a realization that the motives and objects which brought foreigners to this country had changed from what they were in the past, that men came here now, not that they might labor and become good citizens, but rather that they might propagate doctrines in every respect hostile to our theory of government. The liberty which our institutions offer them, they turn to license. They are vipers who would sting their preservers.

The riots accompanying the various labor strikes of the past few years have

made it plain to all careful observers that the native American laborer is quiet and peaceable, though jealous of his rights, and that it is the foreign born laborer who seizes every chance to foment strife and indulge in violence.

This is one of the lessons of the present strike.

OLNEY SEARLES.

VI.

CLASSICAL TYPES.

It is very unfortunate that no copies have survived of the daily journals published in the palmy days of Nineveh, Babylon, Greece, or Rome. Stereotype plates were not invented then, at least no evidence exists of their use, but from the few scraps of gossip that have come down to our degenerate age we may form some idea of the topics antique and even prehistoric, that interested society. It would seem that prevailing tastes at the centres of intellectual culture were not wholly unlike our own.

The arena then, as the stage to-day, afforded material for a goodly portion of current gossip. To limit ourselves to a single item, the gladiator appears to have been placed upon a very enviable pinnacle of fame. It has come down to us through various channels of information that he was petted and made much of by the grand ladies of his time; that he had all that heart could wish in the way of luxuries, and that, at least while he was young and handsome and strong, he could do about as he liked, and no questions asked. His simulacrum has survived in the marbles of Praxiteles and in the bas-reliefs of a still earlier day, and literature preserves the records of his feats of arms. Fortunately, perhaps, for him, he generally got himself speared or otherwise put out of the way before he fairly began the downward course, and the fellow that hurled the fateful spear or wielded the short broadsword, stood ready to take his place in popular favor. All this is very nice and classical, when read about in Assyrian, or Greek or Latin, and one is tempted to speculate whether it gave rise in its day to the species of derogatory remark that follows the footsteps of our modern gladiators. Here, for instance, are our sister cities of Boston and London. They have both of them gone crazy of late, each in its own fashion, over a modern representative of the arena—that is to say, of the prize-ring.

In the American city a sculptor has reproduced his magnificent physique in enduring marble, which recently attracted admiring crowds in a public hall. The fact that the distinguished subject broke his arm not long since in a drunken brawl was announced as a public calamity, while his little eccentricities in the way of wife-beating and other brutalities are passed over as lightly as possible in all really competent and appreciative circles. Like most of his famous countrymen he has lately indulged in a trip to England, and has been received with distinguished honors alike by royalty and the press, for he granted the Prince an interview and accepted from him a mark of distinguished consideration. *Punch* has given him the benefit of gratuitous advertisements in the shape of cartoons, and, upon the whole, he has received more attention than any American of his time. Certain fastidious classes in both countries affect to look with contempt upon such demonstrations, but they find nothing offensive in the deification of the classical gladiator. Agonistes of Athens and Retiarius of Rome were probably quite as conspicuous for personal ruffianism as any of our modern pugilists, but we do not find them objectionable as objects of art or as types of the perfected manhood of those days. We praise the Greek system that developed the physical at the same time with the intellectual, but forget that perfection in either must have been attained at the expense of the other. If the world lasts long enough to retire the present time into a remote and classical past, perhaps the Bostonian statue will be